THE MAN ABOUT TOWN.

A Chronicle and Review of the Doings of the Day, at Home and Abroad.

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Here and There.

THE Queen will hold a Court at Buckingham Palace on Friday, the 25th of February, to receive the Corps Diplomatique, her Majesty's Ministers, and other official personages, with the ladies of their families, who will receive notifications of her Majesty's gracious intention through the Lord Chamberlain.

The Queen will also hold Drawing Rooms at the same Palace, on Wednesday, the 9th, and Tuesday, the 22nd, of March; and a Levée, also at Buckingham Palace, on Friday, the 11th of March. Gentlemen in attendance upon the ladies of their families will be admitted to pass at her Majesty's Drawing Rooms. It is expected that ladies and gentlemen will not avail themselves of more than one occasion of paying their respects to her Majesty.

A Levée will be held at St. James's Palace by his Royal Highness the Prince of Wales, on her Majesty's behalf, on Thursday, the 3rd of March, and another Levée in April, the date of which will be hereafter announced.

The House of Commons has agreed by an overwhelming majority that O'Donovan Rossa is "incapable of being elected or returned as a member."

Dr. Temple has withdrawn his famous contribution to *Essays and Reviews*.

Mr. Disraeli is suffering from an attack of bronchitis. Mr. Bright is reputed to be mending, though slowly.

In the House. "X— is not amusing when he is on his legs."

"Nor when he sits down."

"In fact, the only position in which he shines is *lying*."

"What woman did you love the best?" inquired an indiscreet friend of Emile Augier. "Why," replied E. A., "she had so many Christian names, that I almost——"

The following is Dr. Symes Thompson's new "infallible" remedy for a cold:—As soon as you have caught a cold, take at once a Turkish or vapour bath. Go home, take moderate doses of concentrated "beef tea;" do not drink anything else, save just a mouthful or two of liquid, to save yourself from too great suffering. You can scarcely go wrong—keep yourself at thirsty point, and it will be well with you. There is the more need of being careful in this matter, seeing that the more often you take cold, the more likely you are to take cold again. Each cold brings with it increased susceptibility of the internal membranes to congestive derangements. So, then, fix in your own mind the bath establishment to which you will fly in case of need; buy a good big packet of "Whitehead's essence of Beef" which keep by you for use; make up your mind to a few hours of thirst, and you may set common colds at defiance.

Paris, which has been looking and longing for an unaccountable length of time, is at last going to construct an Alhambra. After the English, not the Moorish fashon, *bien entendu*. The undertaking is to be carried out by a company, of whom M.M. Andayer, the Baron Tascher de la Pagnie, H. de Saint André and E. A. Lemaire are members. Architect, M. C. Duval. It will be Strange if such a scheme do not prove successful.

A famous French artist was commencing, the other day, a portrait, painted from life, of the Emperor. Struck by the absence of likeness between his illustrious sitter and the still more illustrious founder of the dynasty, the artist was moved to remark—"You have nothing, sire, of Napoleon the First." "Excuse me," returned his Majesty, with a sigh, "I have his family."

Elle est drôle la mère de Julia, disait hier mademoiselle Van-Ghell à Léonce, elle ne desserre jamais les dents.

"Aussi l'a-t-on surnommée la *mère Caspienne*," répondit Léonce.

"Parce qu'elle ne communique avec aucune autre mère."

"Tell me, doctor," asked a patient, who had just undergone examination, "don't you find sufficient to make you uneasy?" "*Me?*" replied the artist, "not at all: I can't say as much for *you*."

Maman a conduit Bébé chez le photographe et l'on a fait faire son portrait.

Au retour, feuilletant l'album du salon, Bébé voit le portrait du pape, que sa mère avait rapporté d'Italie l'année d'avant.

"Maman, s'écrie l'enfant, quand tu étais à Rome, tu as donc mené le pape chez le photographe, pour faire faire son portrait?"

When the sword is rusted, and the ploughshare is bright; when the prisons are empty, the granaries full; the steps of the temple well worn, those of courts of justice covered with grass; when doctors walk, bakers ride on horseback, and the learned in carriages; then, according to the Chinese, the empire is well governed.

Amongst the names of gentlemen mentioned as likely to seek the suffrages of the electors of Nottingham, in case Colonel Wright should resign, are those of Mr. T. H. Evans, of Derby, and Mr. Digby Seymour, Q.C., Mr. Bernal Osborne has addressed the following characteristic letter to one of his supporters in Nottingham:—"In reply to your note I am again a candidate for the city of Waterford, which, of course, will prevent me from coming to see my friends at Nottingham should Colonel Wright resign. Whoever the electors of Nottingham may select in the Colonel's place, I hope will be a man of the right sort—a Liberal, and no time-server. Accept my thanks for your independent support, and be assured of my friendly feelings. Though no longer your political choice, I am, as before, very faithfully yours, B. OSBORNE."

The next meeting of the Fox Club, the first this year, will take place to-day (Saturday) at Brooks's.

Smith was telling his wife how their common friend Jones, deceived by his spouse, had just killed the fair sinner:—"Heavens!" ejaculated Mrs. S., with every symptom of alarm, "the wretch proposed for me, and *I* might have married him!"

A ajouter au dossier des enfants terribles.

Dans une pension de demoiselles, sisé à Paris:

L'institutrice: Mes enfants, qui est-ce qui aime tous les hommes?

En chœur: Vous, madame!

It will be learned with the liveliest satisfaction, that the Marquis of Bute is about to cause to be printed the Chartulary of Cambuskenneth. Friends will kindly accept this intimation.

Between two agriculturists:—

"You know your Bible pretty well, Tummus?"

"Ees, John, I do."

"You 've heard of the sacrifice of Abraham?"

"Ah, surely."

"Well, it 's nowt to the deafness of my falter-in-law."

After dinner—a shockingly bad one:

HOST: I hope I shall have the pleasure of your company at dinner on another occasion.

GUEST: *Immediately*, if you like.

The challenge from Cambridge to Oxford, to row the annual race, was received on Monday by Mr. Benson, the president. A captains' meeting was held on Tuesday, when the challenge was duly accepted.

Madame fait apepler Jean, qui tarde beaucoup à venir, mais qui paraît enfin:—

"Où étiez-vous donc Jean?"

"J'étais chez Monsieur."

"Qu'y faisiez-vous?"

"Madame sait que Monsieur a failli avoir un duel hier soir."

"Oui! eh bien?"

"Eh bien, je nettoyais le pantalon de monsieur!"

On parlait de X—, un jeune gandin bien connu par sa taille de tambour-major.

"Il est si grand," faisait observer Georgette Ollivier, "que lorsqu'on lui marche sur le pied, il met cinq minutes avant de dire: 'Aïe!'"

By the latest accounts perfect tranquillity reigns in Paris.

The conclusion of Birmingham Steeplechases is postponed until the 17th instant.

Au bal masqué:

Un jeune ténor flâne au foyer de l'Opéra; un domino, en passant, lui enlève son chapeau.

"Rends-moi mon chapeau," dit le tenorino d'amore.

"Je te le rendrais, si tu me chantes quelque chose."

"Veux-tu bien me le rendre?"

"Chante d'abord."

"Mais puisque je te le demande en vain, c'est comme si je chantais."

On Thursday we noticed the arrival at Liverpool, by the West India mail packet, of several serpents, gorillas, &c., consigned to Mr. Cross, naturalist, of that town. Mr. Cross's premises adjoin a stable, separated by a wall two bricks thick. In the stable was a horse belonging to Mr. Henderson, ship-store dealer; and it would seem that on Tuesday night a large serpent by some means got into the stable. In the morning the horsekeeper found the horse in a very nervous state, and in the manger was the dead snake, a portion of its head having been bitten away. The animal, which had several marks on its back where the coils of the reptile had been, was quite uninjured. The *Liverpool Courier* asks, "What would be likely to occur should one of Mr. Cross's gorillas, which are of the most ferocious deecription, happen to get loose in the same way?"

An epidemic of diphtheritic sore throat has, during the last sixteen months, caused seven hundred deaths in a population of about 30,000, at Ibraila, on the Danube. The rate of mortality is said to have been 50 per cent.

On Thursday John Harris, the gunner charged with an assault upon two other artillerymen, was brought before the Woolwich magistrates, and remanded. On taking him to the station for removal to Maidstone he made the most frantic attempts to escape, although being handcuffed to another prisoner. He fought and kicked and bit like a madman; several policemen were severely injured, and Harris's clothes were torn to rags. The result was that the journey had to be postponed and the prisoner was re-caged in Woolwich lock-up.

On Wednesday the members of the central division of the Bristol police force sat down to an annual dinner provided for them by the liberality of the members of the city ward and other gentlemen. Mr. Inspector Newton presided. After the dinner Inspector Abbot, addressing the men, informed them that, Mr. C. Fisher had sent 100 bottles of champagne to be distributed amongst them, but, he added, the watch committee, at a recent meeting, considered that, as the constables were "unaccustomed to champagne, it would be injudicious to give each man a bottle of wine," consequently the liberal offer of Mr. Fisher must be declined, and the wine sent back. This announcement produced such a feeling of dissatisfaction that fully three-fourths of the constables, putting down their pipes, left the room, and did not return.

A panic arose in the theatre at Exeter on Thursday night, which was densely crowded. Two men in the pit began fighting, and a cry of "Fire" was raised. The audience in the pit jumped on the stage, and it was with great difficulty that order was restored.

Echo du bal des gens de maison, dans les "Choses du jour" de *Paris Journal*:

"Qu'est-ce qu'il y a donc, Justine, tu as l'air toute triste?"

"Il y a, que je ne puis pas rester où je suis! Monsieur me trompe avec madame!"

The case for the prosecution in the Thorncliffe riots, before the Barnsley magistrates, closed on Thursday. Mr. Blackburn, for the defence, stated that he should be able to produce witnesses to prove that some of the prisoners who had been identified could not have been present at the riots at the time stated.

In the House.

On Tuesday the annual meet of the St. Stephen's pack took place, with every prospect of an exciting run—otherwise, the Second Session of the Eighth Parliament of Her Most Gracious Majesty Queen Victoria opened with the usual formalities.

Cavillers may be disposed to remark on the extraordinary circumstance, that whenever any public duty devolves upon our Most Gracious Sovereign, or any great public ceremonial calls for Her Majesty's presence or participation, we invariably learn that an unfortunate attack of neuralgia or some kindred eventuality, has, unluckily, obliged her at the eleventh hour reluctantly to abandon her intention, &c., &c. On the present occasion, this is the less to be regretted, both on the ground that as we learn from the *Court Journal* that the Queen went out driving at Osborne, and that the Speech from the throne was, in its utter absence of interesting matter, quite undeserving of the admirable powers of elocution and clearness of expression with which, as we all know, Her Majesty is in the habit of investing such compositions; and perhaps on this occasion she may have felt that the matter was quite beneath her attention, and unworthy of the trouble of a visit to her capital.

The faithful Commons having been driven like sheep to the bar of the Upper House, the Lord Chancellor proceeded to read the Royal Message:

My Lords and Gentlemen,—

Again we invite you to your arduous duties, and hope you will excuse us, but really, our cold is so bad, &c.—you understand.

We are on good terms with everybody, and there's going to be no more war. Everyone is going to refer their differences to arbitration in future—ahem, except New Zealand; but we'll talk about that another day.

Gentlemen of the House of Commons,—

We are getting on with the Estimates, on the principle of Excellence *and* Economy—especially the latter.

Thanks to Mr. Lowe, we have been getting in last year's bills, and can't grumble at the state of the till.

We have had quite enough of your election enquiries, and hope you will make short work of them now, and show some practical result.

My Lords and Gentlemen,—

There's lots of hard work for you to do. There's the Irish Land Bill, and a National Education Bill. The Yankees have been bothering us about the Naturalisation of Foreign Subjects; and we suppose we must oblige brother Jonathan. You'll have to consider Bills for the improvement of the constitution of Courts of Justice, University Tests, Rating, Spirit Licenses, Land Transfer and Intestacy, Trade Unions, and Merchant Shipping.

Ireland seems in a bad way; and though we have done all we know to stop it, yet they're going on awful, are these Paddies. Pray do what you can, and if they don't behave better soon, we'll give you special powers, and teach them a thing or two they won't quite like—and so we wish you joy.

In the Lords, a couple of hours later, the Marquis of Huntly moved, and Lord Fingall seconded, the Address to the Throne, much after the style of the Chorus in the Greek Play: though Lord Huntly did make a passing reference to the distress among the working classes, and the depressed state of trade, which might have found appropriate allusion in the Speech, and which Lord Cairns, who followed, did not fail to notice. Passing over the other matters in the Speech with brevity, the Leader of the Opposition speedily fell foul of the Government on the paragraph relating to the state of Ireland. Drawing a thrilling picture of the sad and turbulent condition of the sister isle, he attributed it, firstly, to the speeches of Mr. Gladstone and Mr. Bright, and blamed the ministry for a feeble use of its powers of repression. If its powers are not sufficient, it is the duty of the Government—like Oliver Twist—to ask for more; and the fact of the demand not having been made, Lord Cairns attributes to vacillation, and "the very bewilderment of incapacity." Having, of course, criticised the removal of Mr. Madden, and the treasonable language of Lord Granard—which had been passed over by the Government "*sub silentio*"—he concluded by promising on the part of the Opposition an earnest, patient, and impartial consideration of any measure they might introduce.

Earl Granville, apologising for being muddled by a cold in his head, congratulated Lord Cairns upon being in his place as Leader of the Opposition; and the great Conservative party on their deliverance from the state of anarchy at one time threatened by his lordship's retirement from so honourable and onerous a post. Referring to a comparison which had been made between Mr. Disraeli's light and airy style, and Lord Cairns' legal and dry argumentative characteristics, he complimented his lordship on the facetious vein in which he had indulged, however misplaced, with reference to the composition of the paragraph in the Speech relative to Ireland. If the Government have not done all they could do to repress agrarian crime in Ireland, why don't the Opposition step in and prescribe a remedy? This is not a party question; and if his lordship feels their shortcomings so acutely, why doesn't he do the patriotic thing and come forward with a suggestion? He defended the Government from the charge of not having used the powers they possessed to the full, and for not having applied for their extension; and implored the House not to shut their eyes to the difficulties which took place before Mr. Gladstone came into power, and which have largely contributed to the present dead-lock. Lord Grey defended the policy of his government in 1847; and the Duke of Marlborough maundered over the lamentable state of affairs in Ireland, but without adding to the strength of the debate; and after a few words from Lord Monck, the sitting terminated.

The Commons opened with the usual crop of Notices of Motions, conspicuous among which were the following:—Mr. Gladstone, for the election of a member in the place of the convict O'Donovan Rossa, the Fenian M.P. for Tipperary; Mr. Gladstone, to introduce the Irish Land Bill on the 15th inst.; Mr. Forster, a National Education Bill; Mr. Fawcett, for the preservation of Epping Forest; Mr. Hardcastle, for the repeal of the Minority Clause of the Reform Bill; Mr. Leatham, Vote by Ballot; Lord C. J. Hamilton, Mr. Madden's case; Mr. Taylor, to restore the ancient constitutional practice of payment of members of Parliament (much laughter); and also to abolish the Game Laws (more laughter).

The Address having been moved and seconded, respectively, by Captain Egerton and Sir C. Dilke, in a singularly commonplace manner—though it is fair to both gentlemen to say that they deprecated criticism by a confession of their entire incapacity for the task—Mr. Disraeli rose. Claiming for his Government, as administered by the Duke of Abercorn in Ireland, the merit of having broken the neck of Fenianism, he briefly referred to the various remedial measures proposed by the Liberal party, including the Irish Church Bill, and which he protested had all failed, and charged the present lawless condition of the country in the dangerous error into which the present Government had fallen in declaring the forthcoming inauguration of a sweeping and rash policy of conciliation, which had been falsely interpreted by the Irish people. He condemned the partial amnesty of the Fenians, and deplored its effects: and, after hauling poor Lord Granard over the coals, concluded by impressing upon the House the deep responsibility attaching to the consideration of the subject of Ireland, and which he promised the impartial co-operation of the Opposition.

Mr. Gladstone replied with some felicity of expression, lightly knocking aside his enemy's foil. He said that he did not think Vivian Grey intended really to hit him under the fifth rib, but that *ennuyéd* with inaction, and the back benches wanting amusement, he had seized the first moment to show that his weapons were not rusty, and that his right hand of parliamentary debate had not lost its cunning. Defending the policy of the Fenian amnesty, he denied that there was any foundation for assuming that the Irish Land Bill would be modelled upon the disestablishment and disendowment framework of the Irish Church Bill of last session. Repudiating the responsibility of the Government for Mr. Heron's seditious speeches, he cried a truce to such recriminations on the part of Mr. Disraeli by a smart allusion to utterances of the Duke of Abercorn, calculated to foment discontent in Ireland, by depreciating the conciliatory legislative efforts of the present Government; and concluded with a fair and dispassionate review of the present state of Ireland, and a hope that the remedies he should propose would be efficacious.

Mr. Newdegate thought they had had quite enough of Ireland, and that, practically, there was no difference of opinion on that head between Government and Opposition. What he complained of was not the state of Ireland, but the distress at home. He wished the Royal Speech had contained some little expression of sympathy with the working classes, now suffering from the depression of trade in England. Sympathy is cheap; but demagogues would be sure to take every advantage of the absence of any expression of such a feeling in higher quarters, to make capital for their own base purposes. Mr. Eastwick followed suit; and after a few remarks from other members, the House adjourned at half-past eight o'clock.

Wednesday was a *dies non* as far as any debate of interest was concerned.

Thursday, February 11th.—The Lords took it easy. Lord Redesdale made a few remarks on Street Tramway Bills, and was replied to by Lord Kimberley; and the House hurriedly adjourned to the galleries of the Lower House, to hear what Mr. Gladstone had to say about the Fenian convict O'Donovan Rossa. After a few motions had been disposed of, the Premier rose, and briefly but clearly laid down the state of the law as to the disqualification of members elected to serve in Parliament. It was purely a question for argument. The writ calling upon the electors of knights of the shire, commanded them to elect persons answering to the description "*magis idoneus et discretus*." No one would contend that idiots or infants came under this category, nor could a convict be so considered. There existed other disabilities, and if any one should be returned through the ignorance of the electoral body, coming under any of these heads of disability, it became practically no return to the writ. The case lay in a nutshell—was O'Donavan Rossa "*idoneus* or *discretus?*" He moved for a new writ to issue for a member to serve in his place. Mr. G. H. Moore didn't expect to do any good by speaking. He saw the House had come to a foregone conclusion to set aside the election of his friend, the honourable member for Tipperary. Hon. members might laugh, but he was member for Tipperary all the same. Mr. Heron was a "cute man," shrewd and sly, and he had satisfied himself on the point, or else he would have petitioned for the seat. He had greater faith in Mr. Heron's prudence, and great clairvoyance than in a rash minister and a raw House of Commons. He had a right to trust to the support of the Conservatives, likewise the Liberals, and all the new members of every denomination, and he therefore moved an amendment.

Mr. Matthews seconded. The sentence for felony was *suspendetur per coltam*. Nothing short of that disqualified a man from sitting in that House. O'Donovan Rossa had not been hung; *ergo* he was not disqualified. The term *idoneus et discretus* bore a very elastic interpretation: let the House look to it. Many of them might not come up to the standard, and it was difficult to draw the line. There was great sympathy for the Fenians, and, if the House kicked out Rossa, he would not answer for the consequences.

The Solicitor-General gave the law on the point. Mr. W. Johnston could not bother himself about the law. He had no sympathy with Rossa or Fenianism, but he couldn't help sympathising with Fenians. The Roman Catholics were at the bottom of it. D——n the Roman Catholics, I say!—&c. (Being here called to order, Mr. Johnston again briefly contradicted what he had said before, and sat down). Mr. Hardy, Sir R. Palmer, and others, supported Mr. Gladstone. Mr. McMahon and Mr. Maguire hadn't the pluck to go as far as Mr. Moore, but gave a general indication of their desire to trip up Mr. Gladstone's motion if they could; and, after a few remarks from other members, a majority of 301 to 8 declared the Fenian, Rossa, out of the race. We

shall be curious to see who are the 8. Mr. Bagwell complained that it was not a fair start: he didn't see the flag fall, otherwise he hadn't heard the motion put by the Speaker, and had been deprived of an opportunity of airing his eloquence. The House did not seem to take the deprivation much to heart, and therefore proceeded to the discussion of other matters.

The irrepressible Mr. T. Chambers again brought in his bill to legalise marriage with a deceased wife's sister, and the House rose at twenty minutes past eight.

The Man Abroad.

PARIS, *February 10th.*

IT is to be hoped that the last act in the Rochefort comedy has been played, and that we may be allowed to have a change of piece. His arrest on Monday of course created great excitement for the moment, and led to another of those demonstrations with which we are, unhappily, becoming but too familiar. It appears that the Government well knew that a plot had been arranged in the office of the *Marseillaise* for getting up materials for another *journée* one day this week. Rochefort, in company with Gustave Flourens, who is, I believe, still at large, went on Monday evening to the Salle de la Marseillaise to lecture on Voltaire. The Government, knowing this arrangement, and wishing to avoid a disturbance in the precincts of the Palais Bourbon, had determined to arrest him on his arrival there, which, as you know, was done without any difficulty. Like all other dramas, this had its comic side in Flourens firing his pistol (into the air), and declaring the revolution to be *en permanence*, doubtless with the idea that he was President of this new Republic. All this would excite one's laughter if it did not inspire one with a feeling of pity to think that even the lowest and most ignorant of the population could be led away by the empty scurrilities of such charlatans. Surely, had the lecture on Voltaire been delivered by the two reconciled Irreconcilables, Flourens and Rochefort, his ghost would have risen in the midst of the assembly to protest against his name being taken in vain by the Frenchmen, of whom he must have made a prophetic knowledge when he said that a Frenchman was half monkey, half tiger. The barricades were but poor imitations of the genuine article, and one or two of the *sergens-de-ville* were sufficient to disperse fifty or sixty of the *pales voyons*, who once had the deputy of the First Circumscription for their chief. We may safely count on there being no further breach of the peace—for the present; while a few weeks seclusion will make Rochefort reflect on the old proverb, that the game is hardly worth the candle. His popularity will come to an end for want of materials to feed it with, and his journal will, it is to be hoped, be summarily shut up by the authorities. Between the arbitrary repression which punished a paper for saying that a prefect had a cold when he was only troubled with indigestion; or that refused to allow people to discuss the bearings of its foreign policy; and the license which permitted every branch of filth and infamy to be disseminated among the poorer classes, there surely must be a *media via* which may be adapted to the requirements of a constitutionally-governed country.

There has been a regular panic among the Reds this week. Many who desired to avoid the fate of their *confrères* have quitted us in precipitate haste for Brussels, or even braved the rigours of a passage across the Manche to join that chosen band which frequents the aristocratic regions of Leicester Square, and sups on the nameless horrors which, in the shape of *râgouts* and *vols-au-vent*, relieve the London streets of their superfluous population of the animal kind. Naturally the Rochefort affair has occupied the attention of the whole of Paris, to the exclusion of other topics. Fortunate for the papers, which are absolutely devoid of news of any kind whatever. The events of the last ten months have been fatal to commerce, as well as pleasure, in Paris. There are few strangers here, and comparatively speaking no entertainments. I never remember a winter so dull and uninteresting, socially speaking, as this has been. With no frost as yet, though we have the promise of it now, there has been nothing going on at the Cercle des Patineurs, where generally we have a few days genuine amusement. Porchefontaine Steeplechases are set for Sunday next, and are the opening of our racing season illegitimate; but it is quite likely that we may be skating where we should have been betting. The second ball at the Tuileries, set for Wednesday, has been put off in consequence of a slight indisposition of the Empress, which has of course been magnified into a dangerous illness. There is a talk of a *grand bal costumé et paré*, to be given by the Emperor on Shrove Tuesday; but at present it is only in the air. There is some doubt as to whether the correspondent of the Daily Dirtpie will be in Paris at the time; in which case it would of course be impossible to have it, for there is no one else ever consulted as to the colour of the decorations and the preparation of the list of the *invités*. However, let us hope he will consent to make his arrangements so as to meet the wishes of his Imperial friends.

A provincial story which is not wanting in piquancy. For some days a young lady, in the neighbourhood of Toulouse, received letter after letter filled with phrases which sparkled with passion and affection, and to each of which a postscript was added, begging for a rendezvous by moonlight alone. The young lady, who has several times been a successful candidate for the Monthyon Prize, of course remitted each of the letters to papa. She was not a little surprised, when she had given him the eighth or ninth, to hear him advise her to answer it, and accept the rendezvous. With many a blush she told him she could not, but he insisted, and added, "I will accompany you." At the hour named, she went to the place of meeting, her father and brothers, each over six feet and strong in proportion, armed with two enormous sticks, following discreetly in the rear. As she reached the place fixed on, four young gentlemen (?) rushed out to meet her, and were received by the tender embraces of the—papa and the big brothers, who gave them one of those impressive lessons which leaves its mark on the body as well as on the mind. Still harping on Toulouse: they tell a story there of a young man very proud of his native Coliseum. He went to Rome, and in writing his first letter from there to an intimate friend, told him, with the most genuine surprise, that "here, also, they have a Coliseum."

Our Prize Rhymes.

PRIZE WORD—No. XVI.—SAUSAGE.

First—

A fraudulent redskin, a *bonvivant* Osage,
Being sick of corn, beaver, and bison,
Stole a pint of Jamaica, a Lyonnese sausage,
And a pound of best flowery Hyson.

But when he had landed his victuals "to him,"
His squaw—of a wilful and cross age—
Turned up her red nose at the Hyson and rum,
And said "Cat" at the Lyonnese sausage.

CATLIN.

Second—

I wish that some eminent law sage
Would rule that it 's "burglary flat,"
For tradesmen to sell us a sausage
Composed of a dead dog or cat.

A Scotchman, who lately came over
From France, found the best rhyme for sausage,
When he said, as he landed at Dover,
"Eh, mon, we hae had a braw *pawsage*."

If you *will* break the precepts of Moses,
In this Colony-beef and French-hoss age;
You 'll probably get trichonosis
Through eating a German pork sausage. ANON.

Third—

Bologna, so famed for its art and its sausage,
Has rudely been swept from the See of the Pope,
And Pius, who sought to retrieve such a loss, age
Only convinces how false was his hope.

We 've oft read of Princes—their virtues or crimes,
How this lost his head, and how that lost his crown;
His Holiness dares not to "march with *The Times!*"
He may safely subscribe to *The Man About Town*.

CALDBERGH.

I should certainly think myself more sage
Than all the great scholars of old,
If I could determine which sausage
Was "porcine," of all that are sold.

LITTLE PIG.

"Res angusta domi."

My old coat has lost all its gloss, age has
Told alike upon it and on me;
My boots bulge like over-fried sausages,
And my trousers are "through at the knee."

VECTIS.

If you care in the least for green food,
With your bacon for once try some raw sage;
And you 'll find them both equally good,
When compressed in the form of a sausage.

CATS' MEAT.

There was a noble lord so sage,
But without a ghost of moral courage;
He tried to keep pace with the present age,
And of course was obliged his estates to mortgage;
To Tattersall's went his horses and carriages,
And for breakfast he contented himself with sausages.

H. J. C.

A toothsome piece is a well stuff'd goose,
With onions, bread, and raw sage;
But daintier still a turkey is,
With truffles, chine, and sausage.

GOBBLE GOBBLE.

A sausage:
Bag of mystery.
A cross age:
Consult history.

MANCUNIAN.

Till "Hermit" made his Derby *coup*,
I lived on egg and sausage;
Now I have game and venison too.
May Fortune give our "Bloss" age
To win a greater Derby race,
And earn the Blankney "Chaplin's" grace.

NEWMARKET.

As Lord Eldon, the great law-sage,
Sat picking a leaf of raw sage,
Counting the years of his daw's age,
Jack flew away with a sausage.

OLD FARMER.

Had Moses but lived in these days so renowned
For fun, and for wit, and for fashion,
I fancy the long list of laws which he wrote
Would have scarce put the Jews in a passion.

Prohibitions were numerous: dishes quite rare
Were forbidden to these poor old fellows;
Could they but have dined just for once *à la Russe*,
Their "hurras" would have shamed the sea bellows.

For then old and young, both jolly and grave—
E'en Methuselah would try to off-toss age,—
And, joining in one joyful chorus of Jews,
Would shout for the famed Cambridge sausage!—J. E.

PRIZE WORD—No. XVII.—LINGUIST.

☞ The prizes will be open to general competition among all comers, upon the following conditions:—The rhymes must be fair and honest, with no admixture of cockneyism, Yankeeism, or vulgarism of any sort. They must be framed in a couplet or stanza, which shall be constructed with due regard to the laws of grammar and prosody, and present some approach to a meaning.

*** All the competing papers must be anonymous, but each distinguished by some initial or epigraph; which the winner should reproduce when claiming his prize, to prove his title thereto.

Papers must be sent so as to reach the *M. A. T.* Office not later than Thursday noon.

The Man About Town.

A CHRONICLE AND REVIEW
OF THE
DOINGS OF THE DAY, AT HOME AND ABROAD.

PRICE TWOPENCE.
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ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS.

PERSIAN CAT.—Not if you were Shah of Persia.

A. S. P.—The Thames usually; but it is possible the Serpentine might suit *you* best.

CORA.—English. We must decline replying to your other question. We do not keep a *Chronique Scandaleuse*.

JEUNE PREMIER.—Any London manager will give you an engagement on your producing satisfactory evidence of your being over sixty years of age; of your being afflicted with gout (or some substantial disorder); of your being possessed of a complete set of false teeth, a wig, a pair of plaid trousers, and a white hat.

LUCIUS JUNIUS.—Dzing! Boum! We care nothing for your tall talk. We are no partisans; and, like Mr. Chadband, value nothing in comparison with the truth.

OUR PRIZE RHYMES.

Contribution Papers received from Ædipus; Mr. Bunch; Schoolboy; E. S.; J. L.; Cats'meat; Pieman; Mincemeat; Nero; Anadilus; O. O. Twist.

SOLUTION OF DOUBLE ACROSTIC IN LAST NUMBER.

L	os	S
O	perat	E
N	aphth	A
D	arknes	S
O	port	O
N	oo	N

CHARADE.

Correct Solution.—NOTHING.

Correct Solution received.—Old as the Hills; Tomboy; Lux; B. B.; John.

The Man About Town.

SATURDAY, FEBRUARY 12, 1870.

IT is, perhaps, being thankful for a small mercy, but I must confess to a feeling of gratitude for the re-assembling of Parliament. Not that I am a member—wad I hae the presumption?—nor that I intend, while "reason holds a seat in this distracted globe," to become a "stranger within the gates," or "the gallery," of either House. Not even that I purpose taking refreshment in that cool cellaret, the smoking-room, while I settle the affairs of Ireland with PHINEAS PHIN. I court no familiarity, being of riper years, with BLACK ROD. The wig and cocked-hat of the SPEAKER delight me not. I have no desire to see Mr. BRIGHT "on his legs" unless I might stick a pin into them.

No, it is not for what it brings, but for what it prevents, that I hail the commencement of the session with joy. It is not that I love the flowers of that grave period more, but that I love the fruits of the "silly season" less. I do not read the debates—any more than I read a gazetteer or a Tupper—with pleasure, but, as compared with what they will displace in our beloved *Daily Bellower*, I account them marvels of reasoning and eloquence, the Irish Land question a breathless theme, and Mr. Whalley a CHRYSOSTOM. No debates, however long, however feeble, or however beside the question—and a good many are pretty certain to be all three—can hope to rival in dreariness the letters we have already read concerning the aforesaid Land question. Have we not passed the bitterness of death, as it were, in the subject of Primary Education? Can Parliament add one pang to the sufferings we have endured on behalf of the great Poor-Law question? And, besides, we may and shall skip the more terrible parts of these things when they form part of "proceedings in the House;" when they, and matter like them, form the staple of our daily news, we *must* read them. After the supplement—in itself no exhilarating reading—there has been, for months, nothing but such stones for our intellectual food. But, at all events, matters such as these have the merit of being grave social questions, the consideration whereof, however painful at the time, does us, probably, like Gregory's powder, some good in the end. What shall we say to the effusions of those brimstone magpies who chatter about the morality of field sports, bicycles, ballet-girls, cab regulations, dinner parties, tainted fantails, and sensation after decapitation? These dry bones—all the drier for the delusive promise of meat they hold out—are tough reading, as nearly all easy writing is, and make a paper, during the recess, about as entertaining as a Book of Roads. And because they shall poison my egg no more, nor convert my roll into dust and ashes before my face, I shall welcome the jargon of "motion made" and "question put," "amendment proposed" and "words left out," with rapture, and have accepted Her Most Gracious Majesty's spirit-stirring address, as the first instalment of incomprehensibility, with tears of emotion.

A dreary day of February, saith the *Times*, when every highway to the Palace of Westminster is flooded with mud, brings down our anticipations to a moderate level, and the sight of the LORD CHANCELLOR and his fellow-Commissioners, however edifying, is not highly exhilarating. The idea of our parliamentary expectations taking their tone from the barometer, is a national and happy thought. Bright speeches are for sunny days, and beneficent legislation must be accompanied by a blue sky and a balmy breeze. If this Skimpolian theory be correct, it looks long odds against the present session making a good start. Nothing could have fallen flatter than the Royal Speech just referred to. It needed something, I suppose, more stirring, and hot, and spirituous, to counterbalance the moist and gloomy influences at work. There was no crowd without, no excitement within. The scarlet robe of the Chancellor utterly failed to get up any enthusiasm among the fifteen or twenty ladies who were present. Even the usually turbulent faithful Commons were overcome by the atmospherical influences, and entered with an ominous calm. Had the Speech lasted a few moments longer, everyone would have been asleep, and universal dulness have covered all. One of the Commissioners, indeed, *did* nod, and a smart pinch had to be administered by a brother magnate before he could be aroused to a sense of the situation. Then he woke up, and others followed suit, and the drone of Chancellorian bagpipes was hushed, and we all tumbled out into the February mud, one of us at least vowing, as he passed into the Goat in Boots, that it would be some considerable time before he made one of the august ceremony he had just witnessed.

Delightful as is the art in the mouths of such accomplished artists as Mrs. FANNY KEMBLE or Mr. DICKENS, I cannot say that, as a rule, I care to hear the "Quality of Mercy" strained, or the "Song of the Shirt" torn to tatters by a professional reader. Two mortal hours of reading unrelieved is enough to give one the fidgets for a month; and we all know what the "pianoforte accompaniment" to such recitals generally is. If a reader has passion and pathos, it is a hundred to one he has no sense of humour; if he succeeds in making his audience grin—and oh! how little does it!—his sentiment is very funny indeed. There is now, moreover, a glut of these entertainments. Every one possessed of what the reporters call (according to sex) a commanding or an attractive presence, and a "flexible" voice (as if it were tubing), at once takes a Mechanic's Institute, puts forth a lace-edged programme, and goes in at SHAKSPEARE and LONGFELLOW, DICKENS and HOOD, like, to quote Mr. Chivery, "a good 'un." There are few things more affecting to me than to see a stout, middle-aged gentleman adjust his gloves and clear his throat preparatory to delivering—for instance, *Mercutio's* Queen Mab speech; or to mark the pert wriggle and affected simper of a blonde gentlewoman essaying the tremendous utterances of *Lady Macbeth*. Over the efforts of the well-meaning to imitate the great master's manner in the trial scene from "Pickwick," I will draw a veil. To have once undergone Mr. VANDERVELDE JONES as *Serjeant Buzfuz* without having thrown your chair at him, is to have established a character for sweetness of temper and placidity under provocation for ever.

There are good readers; and Mr. BELLEW is of them. In serious—what the *Star* loved to call emotional recital—he has probably no superior; and, although he is without a glimmering of humour, his reading of *Hamlet* is among the very best "all round" readings conceivable. Whether it will not lose more than it gains by the curious accessories with which it is now surrounded, I think very questionable. Admirable as Mr. BELLEW is in his delivery of much of *Hamlet*, he is far from successful in the discrimination of character; while, from the reason aforesaid, the humours of *Polonius* and the *Gravediggers* are utterly lost. But the entire reading, in spite of a few interferences with the text, is entitled to high praise, and is very well worth hearing. That the effect is heightened by the admirable scenery and "effects" which form the background to Mr. BELLEW's reading-desk, there can be no doubt; and had the pantomimists employed mutely to suit the action to the word confined themselves to forming effective tableaux of the more striking situations, their aid would have been highly valuable. As it is, it strikes me as being false artistically to see a puppet king opening and shutting his mouth, as near the proper times as may be, when Mr. BELLEW soliloquises; or a "lay" *Ophelia* wringing her hands while the same gentleman is deploring the inconstancy of that glass of fashion, the *Lord Hamlet*. The supers are well drilled, and were, on the whole, successful; but they could not help being out of time once or twice, when the effect was very comical. The *Prince of Denmark* in his new clothes will, no doubt, enhance the popularity of Mr. BELLEW's reading with the multitude; but the judicious will always, I fancy, prefer to have him *plain*.

Among lights less known, but bright and attractive in their own way, may be mentioned Mrs. LAFONTAINE ERSKINE, whose Readings are marked by a quiet power and refinement as rare as attractive. I cannot call to mind, at this moment, another entertainer—vile and generally false substantive!—rather than hear whom I would not walk a quarter of a mile in a pealess shoe; which is, I take it, the exact converse of that solitary pun which, according to her brother, was discoverable in the whole recorded life of MARY LAMB.

Going to Burlington House lately on a bright Saturday—there has only been one for years, so you may easily fix the date—I found the rooms much fuller than when I had last seen them, in the heat and noontide of the Exhibition of the Academy. The climate accounted, no doubt, for the presence of some, the half-holiday regulations for that of others; but there must have been some genuine love of art at the bottom of so large an influx. It is true that no inconsiderable proportion of the visitors were disappointed not to find GAINSBOROUGH'S Blue Boy an *alumnus* of Christ's Hospital, and were, as a body, inclined to rank LESLIE and STANSFIELD among the old masters. Moreover, their taste was not of that severe order which finds favour with *virtuosi*, being, indeed, of what I may

call the fleshy and pulpy order, inclining them to pause, flushing admiringly, before the undrest Low-Country nymphs of RUBENS, and pass the ascetic ZURBARAN with a cool stare. One old man, entranced by the quantity and quality of the flesh in one of PETER PAUL'S works, fairly gave up further research, and, drawing forth a biscuit and an eye-glass, sat him down before it as if it were a town he was preparing to besiege. In vain did the wife of his bosom pluck him by the skirts, and endeavour to recall him to a sense of what was due both to himself and herself. I could see her imploring him to return to Camberwell and his allegiance, adjuring him by every tender adjective to quit the painted Dalilahs which had possession of his aged and withered breast. The old reprobate smiled, winked, wagged his ancient head, but was immoveable. The authority of Mrs. De Brownsmith was lost for ever. And they say these Exhibitions are fosterers of public morality! *Apropos*, a *nouveau riche* arrived in Paris a few days ago, with the avowed object of—what do you think?—of having his daughter's portrait painted by one of the "old masters" of whom he had heard so much. He was *en route* for the Louvre, where he had heard most of them were to be met with. What a disappointment to find them all hung, and, one may add, drawn, and (well) quartered!

The Grumbler.

NOTHING new under the sun! Well, I don't suppose there is much. Still, there are plenty of things that are old enough and worn out, and that should be replaced by newer, better, and more modern appliances. What am I alluding to? Why, the old Dreadnought, for one thing, and Greenwich Hospital, for another. The old Dreadnought is to be removed. Well, I know it is, and one wing of Greenwich Hospital devoted to its purposes and patients. But why only one wing of Wren's fine old building? Why is not the whole structure converted at once into a magnificent and commodious Seamens' Hospital—one worthy of the greatest maritime powers in the world—one where the sick and suffering sailor of every clime or complexion would be received immediately on arriving on our shores, and there be properly tended and cared for, just what the old Dreadnought did, as managed by the Seamen's Hospital Society, or rather tried to do. But how was it possible, within the limits of an old fifty-gun vessel, to supply the wants and requirements of a service embracing invalids from every part of the globe? Why, last year alone near 2,000 patients were received on board the old vessel, and 1,000 more had medicine and advice gratis. What more would I desire? Why—*not* that "one wing"—but that the whole building called Greenwich Hospital should be fitted up and devoted to the purposes the Dreadnought has hitherto so well, but, from want of space and room alone, limitedly carried out. Where is the money to come from? Ah, the old, old question! But rely upon it, plenty would be found for such a purpose at any moment if asked for; besides, are there not endowments, and Derwentwater estates, and all that kind of thing, more than sufficient, if properly applied, to convert the whole building into a proper hospital and refuge for sick or destitute sailors? Will be done—will it? Yes, some time or another; most probably about the next Greek Kalends.

The present Government, intoxicated with their success as Do-Nothings, and having muddled the Cab Regulations, are now going to meddle with the licensing of public-houses and beer-shops, convinced that drunkenness is answerable for most of the crimes committed throughout the country. No liquors, spirits, wines, or beer of any description are to be sold on Sundays. And not a drop to the thirsty soul to be permitted, and all liquor bars, &c., to be closed at 10 P.M. on other days; for Bright, Low, Gladstone, and Co. have discovered that one Mr. William Shakspeare, who did not belong to any of the clubs in Pall Mall or St. James's, and must most certainly have been a tea-totaller—for he wrote that drinking was

> "A custom
> More honoured in the breach than in the observance.
> This heavy-headed revel, east and west,
> Makes us traduced, and taxed of other nations.
> They clepe us drunkards, and with swinish phrase
> Soil our addition; and, indeed, it takes
> From our achievements, though performed at height,
> The pith and marrow of our attributes"—

was in the right, and that this disgraceful state of things ought to be, by her Majesty's authority, put a stop to. Bravo, gentlemen! but how about the club-houses, bishops' palaces, ducal residences, and others? Is there to be no beer at lunch time? Are the cellars to be closed through the Sunday, and the butler to send his keys to their lordships' bankers for safe keeping till Monday morning? Are Tadpole and Toper, returning late from the House, and dropping in at the Sarcophagus, to be refused the soda and brandy, because the new curfew has tolled and Gladstone and Co. have retired to rest upon their arrow-root and tea slops? Of course Lowe is prepared at once to take off the duty at present imposed upon

> "The cup that cheers but don't inebriate."

Some stop ought to be put to drunkenness. Ought it? Well, I never said it ought not; but I do say, that because some chose to get drunk and render themselves liable to a penalty that might, if necessary, be quadrupled, and should be strictly enforced, that is no reason why those who do not should be treated like ill-managed cattle, who are only permitted to drink at stated intervals. It surely must have been a great poet—certainly a feeling one, as well as far-seeing, and one who, had he been alive now, would certainly have deserved the laureateship—who penned those touching lines, or something analogous to them :—

> "Dearly I loves my beer!
> I doatingly loves my beer.
> Ophthalmic eyes to him that tries
> To rob the poor man of his beer!
>
> "It's all very fine
> For those who dine
> At home, or at their club;
> But to close at ten
> The club of poor men,
> Is rather too hard a rub.
>
> "You boast you play'd
> The game of free trade;
> But let alone that of morals,
> For those if you touch
> You'll not improve much,
> But bespatter as babies do corals.
>
> "We dearly loves our beer,
> Doatingly loves our beer;
> So ophthalmic eyes to them as tries
> To rob the poor man of his beer!"

The Sporting Man.

THE TURF.

THE fatal moment has now arrived when I must bring the Derby analysis—that fearful trial to the patience of the sporting reader—to a close. I have conscientiously endeavoured to go seriatim through the performances of everything engaged in the race whose public or private reputation could give the smallest claim to be considered a "Derby 'oss." It is, of course, possible that in the Spring some horse which last year was not equal to the fortune of the lowest class of selling race, may scatter confusion in the ranks of the favourites and their backers; or that some dark animal, whose name is as yet unhonoured and unsung even among the 1,000 to 10 division, may emulate the prowess of a Blair Athol or a Bay Middleton. I do not for a moment think that this will be so; and were it to be the case, even the prophetic vision cannot be expected to dive so deep into futurity. It is far more likely that, in the very comprehensive review which I have held of the candidates for the Blue Riband, I have included all, or if not all, the whole of the formidable lot of the starters, as well as many who will, either from the chapter of accidents or from their discovered inferiority, be absentees on the eventful Wednesday. It now remains for me to perform the difficult portion of my task. It is comparatively easy to go through the respective performances of animals whose names are written in the book of Weatherby, and to record the amounts of money for which they have been backed; but after that is all done comes the *quart d'heure de Rabelais* when the final selection has to be made, and the remainder of the time between that and the decision of Judge Clark has to be passed in a state of feverish suspense; when, after a sleepless night, one wakes up fearing to open the daily papers, lest one should find that one's choice had receded to 1,000 to 10 at Tattersall's the day before, with a foot-note to the effect that "—— was struck out of the Epsom Derby at 9.15 P.M. yesterday." Even if all the dangers incidental to the preparation have been surmounted, and your favourite has reached Epsom safely, how often does it turn out that you have been relying on a broken reed, and that the superb two-year-old has degenerated into a rank plater, though the training reporters have narrated week after week that he or she had been galloping as never did mortal horse before. Still, I must carry out my task to its bitter end, and I am fortunately strengthened in my purpose by the knowledge that, if I fail to hit the mark, I shall do so in illustrious company. On the other hand, I know that I shall be called over the coals for arriving at the conclusion that I have arrived at, not without considerable doubt and hesitation. That conclusion is that SUNSHINE will win the Derby. I am quite aware of the fact that she is a filly, and that Achievement and Lady Elizabeth are living examples of the uncertainty of trusting to the fickle sex in the early summer. But, on the other hand, it must be borne in mind that Sunshine has the temper of a seraph, which Lady Elizabeth at least could lay no claim to. That she may be affected sexually on the Derby day is of course possible; but even in that case she is so good and staunch, that I should, even with that proviso, be sorry to be against her. I vividly remember how Achievement, as a two-year-old, walked away from Hermit, under similar circumstances, in the Woodcote Stakes. When we remember Sunshine's race in the Middle Park Plate, it seems to be impossible, in the face of it, to back anything else that ran in the race, especially as she will meet them all, including the craven Kingcraft, on more advantageous terms at Epsom. Camel, I think it will be found, is an over-rated horse, and must not be judged solely by his Doncaster performances. Stanley has not been doing well lately, and his victory at Doncaster is not of itself sufficient to entitle him to be backed at 20 to 1 for the Derby. Neither Normanby, King of Scots, or Alaric have the slightest claim to be preferred to Sunshine, who has beaten the first three times, the second once, and the latter twice, with the greatest possible ease. Astolfo, though much fancied by clever people, will probably run better over a mile course than over the Epsom gradients, like most of the Orlandos. If Sunshine is not brought out for the Two Thousand, he may perhaps beat Kingcraft for that race, but that is the most that I shall expect of him. Of Bridgewater it is more difficult to dispose, as, being a dark horse, I can only go by hearsay; but it seems unreasonable to take 12 to 1 about him in preference to 6 to 1 about a well-known and publicly tested good animal like Sunshine. For neither of the latter's stable companions have I any predilection; and the Blue Bell colt, Asterope, Nobleman, and Torreador cannot, unless they improve tons on their last year's form, possess any chance. Kingcraft's performances as a two-year-old entitle him to much consideration, no doubt; but although I have the highest respect for the abilities of his trainer, and should welcome the success of such a perfect sportsman as Lord Falmouth with great pleasure, I fear it will be found that, like the generality of the King Tom colts, staying is not his *forte*. Of the others whose chance I have reviewed, Cymbal and John Day's lot alone have any attractions for me; and for hedging purposes I think that the son of Kettledrum and Prince or Wales will repay an investment. But the absolute winner of the Derby will, in my opinion, be SUNSHINE, if she continue to progress as satisfactorily as my latest accounts inform me she is at the present time. At the same time, bearing in mind the ills to which horse-flesh is heir, and the short price at which the mare stands now, I would advise all intending backers to wait until the week before the Two Thousand, before putting their money down, as in all probability

very nearly as long odds will be obtainable then as now. *Dixi.*

LINCOLN.

Lincoln next week opens the season of 1870, shorn, it is true, of its goodly proportions by the absence of the two-year-olds, but still presenting an inviting *menu* after the long fast to which we have been condemned. Prophets, at least, may be thankful that no such sphynx-like riddle as the Brocklesby Stakes has to be solved; but when the 1st of May arrives their difficulties will be increased by the rush to make up for lost time. With this brief *exordium*, let me commence to wrestle with the programme.

Perambulator, 6st 8lbs, or Electricity, 7st 4lbs, are best at the weights for the Brocklesby Handicap.

The Handicap Steeplechase, over 3 miles, should be won by Vulcan, seeing how well he ran at Birmingham; and Pensioner seems singularly well in the Elsham Hurdle Race.

For the event of the meeting it is useless to expect a large field, even if the frost gives in time to allow of its being brought about. Whatever the result of it may be, we must be careful not to attach too much importance to the form of the horses that run, as they will hardly any of them be more than half trained. King Victor, 8st 12lbs; Sycee, 8st 1lb; Uncas, 7st 13lbs; Robespierre, 7st 13lbs; Van Amburgh, 7st 11lbs; Royal Rake, 7st 8lbs; Ben-An, 7st 1lb; Oxonian, 7st 1lb; Benbow, 6st 13lbs; Queen of Hearts, 6st 11lbs; Bradgate, 6st 9lbs; Grasshopper filly, 6st 5lbs; Stromboli, 6st 5lbs; Chesapeake, 5st 13lbs; Simplon, 5st 11lbs; and the Leila colt, 5st 11lbs, are the probable starters from whom any danger can be apprehended. For neither Van Amburgh or Sycee of the heavy weights, Oxonian or Ben-An of the middle, Stromboli or Chesapeake of the light, have I any fancy. The Grasshopper filly is not backed with the spirit that one of the Findon good things generally evokes, and the same remark applies to Robespierre and Benbow. Queen of Hearts, if she retains her last year's form, seems bound to win with all her weight, and she has gone remarkably well in the market. I have a great dread of King Victor; he is, however, rather the worse for wear, though that defect tells less over the Lincoln course in early spring than it does elsewhere. Simplon will probably run well, and Benbow will one day bring bank-notes *galore* to Woodyeates and Alvediston. Royal Rake will not, I think, stay home, and Bradgate is not class enough. In fine, my advice would be not to bet on the race at all; but if the *auri sacra fames* is too fierce to resist them, back Queen of Hearts to win and King Victor to get a place.

On Wednesday the City Handicap will be materially influenced by the result of Tuesday's race, but Fugitive, 7st 6lbs, who did not accept for that race, will take his own part against the best of them. The Handicap Hurdle Race should be won by Primrose, the Blankney Stakes by Maid of Athol, or, in her absence, by George Osbaldeston; while the Steeplechase should remain in the county by the help of a Pensioner and a Walker. Present appearances, however, are very much against there being any racing or steeplechasing for next week.

FORECAST.

In the Arena.

ALTHOUGH the official challenge has been sent to, and accepted by, Oxford, the absolute date for the race has not yet been fixed; but in all probability it will take place on April 9th. The Oxford president evidently seems to suffer from a surfeit of good men to fill up the vacancies in last year's boat: it even seems to us that one or two who rowed last year, and are eligible again this, might almost be removed for new men with advantage. Unless Mr. Darbishire will row again, Mr. Tahourdin will have the honour of stroking the boat, and, perhaps, one of the finest crews ever turned out of Oxford. Mr. Willan, who, we believe, is not eligible to row this year, has volunteered his services to coach the crew; and a better mentor they cannot possibly have, for he is both fit for the post, and his great popularity is sure to command attention from his pupils. Cambridge will again be schooled by Mr. Morrison, who will have better material to work on than last year. We do hope this year we shall see as fine a race as in 1867—the last year in which Mr. Griffith rowed stroke of the eight.

Some few College sports have been held during the last week; but the form of the competitors was not worthy of notice, as it could hardly be expected to be so early in the season. We noticed that the *Undergraduates' Journal*, in alluding to the Strangers' Races likely to be held this term, took the same view as expressed some time back in this Journal, as to the qualification of the competitors therein. We think, however, that the London Athletic Club should be included in the list, as we are not aware of any of their members having done any act to warrant their exclusion. Probably some of the "black sheep" alluded to in the above Journal have given their description as of London, and naturally fostered the idea that they were members of the London Athletic Club. We would suggest that a printed list of the members' names be sent to the committees of the Athletic Clubs at Oxford and Cambridge, which would be an effectual check on the members of the hybrid clubs, one of which, to our knowledge, has framed a programme for all Strangers' Races within an easy distance of London, and where moderate performers would only be encountered. We do not think they will attempt to honour (?) the Strangers' Races at the Universities with their names, as the form to be met thereat would be too much for them; but it would be as well not to run any risks of their presence.

The enterprising Mr. W. Holland has again exhibited his Frenchmen. The only difference, apparently, this time from the last, was the total lapse of the interest the Emperor formerly took in the matter, as we did not hear of Mr. Holland again telegraphing him the result. With regard to who won or not, little interest can be taken, except by that versatile body the British public, while the present rules and arrangements are adhered to; but, under any circumstances, Mr. Holland will be *the* winner.

The result of the first match for the billiard championship will be known before these lines appear. Our opinion, last week, as to the preposterous nature of the betting, has been verified as the time draws near; and it is now, while writing these lines, with difficulty that five to four can be got about the champion. Cook has this week been displaying far better form than lately, but our opinion as to the result remains unaltered—that victory will be with Roberts.

ACROSTIC.

"—— Nunc pede libero
Pulsanda tellus."

First-born of Spring, we bid thee hail!
Not Topham, nor the subtle Frail,
Thy lustre can eclipse.
Let Augur now with Argus vie;
O'erwhelm us, too, ye smaller fry
With your astounding tips!

1

How slow till twenty—afterwards, alas!
With what electric speed each seems to pass.

2

With that old Baron, how could she go on so,
After her promise to the brave Alonzo?

3

So good, so steady, always in his place,
He sees, but never bets upon, the race.

4

Faultless in dress, and bearded like the pard,
The Captain, quits "the Rag," and buys his card.

5

I wooed, and not in vain; to crown my bliss,
At last the fair Parisian murmured—this.

6

Hear them on desert sand, alternate roar,
The first indignant, votes the last a bore.

7

Ride a cock-horse to Banbury-cross,
Your wife may succeed though she cannot use force.

THE RABBIT BEAGLE.

(Concluded.)

IT is so long since my last article about these interesting little fellows appeared, that many of my readers must have fancied that I had taken leave of the subject for ever. It is not quite so, however, although weightier matters have for a time kept me from scribbling. I now take up my pen to make an end of the subject, and wish that I may meet some of my friends ere long, on a fine morning, with a team of the right sort, waiting to be thrown in. How I should like to see Cedric the Saxon, with the "Vixen," at the opposite end of a cutting to myself, and here her clear report as rabbit after rabbit rolled over, just ere the shelter for which they made such a desperate rush was reached! I am sure his soul would quicken to the merry notes of the little pack, as they dive through the thick cover and made the welkin ring with their music; and he could enliven our mid-day meal with tales of the old Petworth cracks, and those heroes of ancient date so dear to the lovers of legendary sporting lore. How we would drink to the blooming evergreen in beakers of home-brewed, and tell how from that very gorse, when mounted for the first time on the old blood mare—a little *passée* for regular hunting work, but just the thing to teach our young ideas how to cross a country—he saw the sly one steal away, and, slinking down the hill, set his head straight for a distant woodland in the vale! How the pack swept in silence after him, their bright coats showing like a stream of silver against the green hill-side; and how our mount, whether we would or no, went gallantly by their side, topping fence after fence, to our partial terror but great delight. How, grown bolder at length, we saw a line of willows in advance, and, seeing Dick catch his horse by the head and steady him half-way across the pasture, how we rushed like a whirlwind by him, and found fifteen feet of water beneath us, just as the tail hounds plunged into the stream. Can the burster with which we landed on our back ever be forgotten; or the grim despair with which we stuck to the bridle of the old mare, who had cleared it so gallantly, and scrambling breathless and hatless once more on to her back, again started in pursuit, ere one of the field had overtaken us? Then the brush and the blooding—are they not things to be enshrined in memory? Did not Dick, swearing we were the hardest young one he ever saw, deluge us with blood, and wind the trophy of victory round the old mare's bridle front, in order that our entry into the village might be such a triumph as Roman general never even dreamed of? Then the paternal pride at our prowess, and the maternal lamentations over our bruised forehead and general state of mud; and the endeavour on our own part to make out that the topper received from the mare's head at the bank was nothing, yet all the time wincing when it was touched, are like the scenes of yesterday. Yes, the gorse covert, whether we seek it gun in hand, or on the back of a thoroughbred, reveals many pleasant scenes; and there is no tree, plant, or flower, that we hold in such reverence.

"Held by Diana in due estimation,
Bedeck with a gorse-flower the goddess's shrine;
Throughout the wide range of this thriving creation
It has but one rival, and that one the vine.
Pluck me, then, Bacchus, a cluster, and, squeezing it,
Pour the red juice till the goblet o'erflows;
Then in the joy of my heart will I, seizing it,
Drink to the land where this evergreen grows."

But my pen has, like the old mare, fairly bolted with me; and I must descend from the pigskin to the team of beagles once more. Here, one word of advice—should it be your lot to shoot with a man who has good ones, be very careful never to fire until a rabbit fairly crosses. They will, at times, come and skirt the gorse and pop in again: to fire at such a time endangers not only your neighbour's shins, but you may kill a valuable hound by the same shot that rolls over the rabbit. Let them cross, so that you can see all is fair and square, and then hold well forward and blaze away. Some men can pick a rabbit almost out of a dog's mouth, but it is a dangerous experiment; and I would rather lose a dozen shots following than risk shooting a dog for a moment. I have, ere now, seen the same shot roll over the rabbit and his pursuer; but it has been when men would shoot ere their game was fairly in the open. In shooting hedgerows, keep close to them: here you must fire as your game runs along the side; but of course there will be no one in danger forward, and you can take time enough to see that no dog is in the way. If you get wide of the hedge, and fire towards it, you cannot tell what mischief you may not do. Of course, circumstances must guide you as to how often your little pack can come into the field; if in good health and condition, and the days are not made too long, twice a-week should not over-do them. Very thick covers tell on them more than light ones; and this must also be taken into account. Better give them an extra day or two between, than hunt when they are stale and jaded. Nothing engenders faults of all kinds in any hounds sooner than this: and slack-

ness is destruction to all kinds of hunting. On the contrary, when they leave the kennel full of life and spirits, you may be sure that they will do their utmost. Good foxhound management is the standard that should be the model in any kennel; and the nearer you can imitate it the better for your little ones. Flesh, perhaps, may in a great measure be dispensed with; but that is seldom plentiful enough to do harm in private kennels. Sheep's paunches occasionally make a capital substitute. Cleanliness, air, and exercise, are the great things; with these you may do anything—without them, nothing. I have now said, I think, all I can about the Rabbit Beagle. Both he and the sport he is employed in may appear slow to the man who can walk over his grouse moor all the autumn, and go in the front across Northamptonshire in winter and spring. But there are many to whom these enjoyments, from many causes, are denied; and to them a team of beagles may afford days and days of amusement through the season. Few who possess land at all are so fortunate as not to own one especially poor field in a poor district. Here, where they can do no harm to yourself or neighbours, preserve your rabbits, and have your sport; but kill them as vermin in all good lands: thus you will not follow your pleasure at the expense of your neighbours' goods.

The Man at Mudie's.

PETITE'S ROMANCE.*

We can hardly imagine *Petite's Romance* to be the writer's first novel, although we are led to presume that it is so, since the title-page makes mention of no former ones. There are no signs in its composition of a young or unaccustomed hand; there are no unfinished touches, no marks of inattention, no striving after startling effects. It is quietly written, as if the writing were an every-day familiar occupation, yet one performed with unvarying care and consideration.

We are never deeply moved, but we are never bored; we can lay the book down, but we take it up again gladly, and are never inclined to miss a single line. It does one good in the very way that novel reading *does* do good: it takes us a little out of our own immediate personal thoughts and anxieties, it rests our weariness, and cheats us momentarily of our solitude. Our interest in unreal people refreshes and reposes our minds; and when the last page is turned, we can return to our work and to our cares more cheerfully, and with a more assured belief that there are good people in the world—and pleasant people too—if one only knew where to find them.

The plot of *Petite's Romance* is very briefly told. It begins with the old story of hero worship in the guise of feminine friendship. "Petite," or Pauline de Villefort, who has been brought up by an old grandfather and a maiden aunt, in the severest seclusion and rusticity, worships a girl, her superior in age, and who, having seen something of the world, and suffered in her contact with its vanities, something of disenchantment, is idealised by her unsophisticated admirer into something almost superhuman in beauty, goodness, and fascination. The brilliant, pretty, clever Miss Wilmot appears, in the eyes of the fresh and simple-minded Pauline, the most charming of companions, the most affectionate of friends. Her patronage, her gentle flattery, together with her half-concealed suffering and sadness, take full possession of the imagination of the unselfish, tender-hearted child; and Laura, on her side, is pleased by so satisfactory a tribute to her powers of fascination, and determines to be, indeed, her true friend, and to find means to secure her happiness, although, as she confesses, she has made "rather a mess of her own." In order to ensure this, as she imagines, she persuades her into an engagement with her brother, Henry Wilmot, who is a *bon parti*, and a good, stupid, commonplace young man. Petite was duly prepared to find in him all the qualities of a knight of romance, and was at first, perhaps, rather disappointed at finding that he was not quite an heroic sort of person. However, Laura had settled she was to fall in love with him, so fall in love she accordingly did—at least she thinks so—and submits to become engaged, unconsciously awaiting the inevitable magician, who unfortunately, but surely, breaks upon the monotony of the scene.

Major Airlie is the real hero of her dreams, and, although aware of her engagement, is not deterred from returning the love which she betrays from the first, and which she recklessly lavishes upon him with all the wealth of a tender and passionate nature.

Poor Henry Wilmot, it is to be feared, would have been sacrificed with very little compunction; but the worst part of the difficulty for Petite has yet to come. This Major Airlie turns out to be the cause of her idol Laura's sadness and disappointed life. Years ago he had flirted with her, and she had believed in him, and loved him still, although he had despised her love, and left her without a word of pity or explanaion. Petite was not aware of this: she had never been told the name of Laura's faithless lover; but as soon as she understands that Laura's happiness has to be weighed against her own, she sacrifices herself. The scene between the two girls, in which she comes to this decision, is a fair specimen of the book:—

"The two girls stood gazing at one another in silence for nearly a minute: a very painful silence, which Petite broke at last.

"'Laura,' she repeated, advancing into the room. 'What is the matter? Are you ill?'

"Miss Wilmot turned away abruptly, and sat down.

"'Ill?' she replied. 'No, I'm not ill, not in the least. Why should you think it? Because I chanced to be on the point of doing what you forestalled me by doing yourself? Strange coincidence! I was just going to your room, Petite, and here you are in mine.'

"'I was half afraid to come, though,' said Petite, with a nervous little laugh. 'It is so late; and I wasn't sure you would be in bed and asleep. Why aren't you asleep, Laura? You have been a long time upstairs, and you must be tired.'

"'Dear me! I must be tired, and I must be ill!' said Laura, mockingly. 'How full of interest I am to my friends. And you, Petite! Are you neither ill nor tired? Are you quite well and happy, and at peace with all the world?'

"The girl gave her a quick, frightened, questioning glance. Then she burst out, with a little sob, 'O Laura, don't be cruel! don't be unkind! I know that you love me. I know you want me to be happy, and that you did it all for the best. But Laura, it was all a mistake. I did not know it till lately. I was not sure of it till to-day. Oh, it was all a dreadful, dreadful mistake. I can't marry Henry: I don't love him. I—— O Laura, won't you help me? Won't you have pity on me? Oh, I have suffered so much! I have been so miserable and unhappy!' and she knelt down by Miss Wilmot's chair, and looked entreatingly into her face.

"But Laura turned her face away. She felt that it grew white and cold, and that all the blood of her body was rushing to her heart. But when, after a little breathless silence, she spoke at last, her voice was calm and steady. 'Petite,' she said, fixing her blue eyes searchingly on the girl's eager, imploring face. 'Petite, it is Henry's forgiveness, and not mine, you have to ask; unless, Petite, if you love any one else—if you love Hubert Airlie—if you were to kneel before me for ever, I should never, never forgive you!' and as she spoke she rose and stood over the kneeling figure of her friend, like an avenging angel.

"'Laura, why? Oh, for the love of God, tell me why,' Petite gasped.

"'Then you do love him?' Laura exclaimed, passionately and indignantly. 'Petite, you do love him, and you have the courage to tell it to me!' She was pale with anger, and her eyes were flashing. Her last remnant of self-control had vanished.

"A woman in a passion is not a pleasant sight, and for a moment or two Petite felt a sort of contemptuous pity for her friend. She rose and confronted her, and said, looking at her straight in the face, fervently and deliberately, 'Yes, I do love him, with all my heart!'

"'Then,' exclaimed Laura, 'I shall never, so long as we both live, forgive you. You love him, and you tell it calmly to me—to me who have loved him for eight long years!—to me, the dream of whose life it has been to gain his love!—to me, from whom he has once already been taken by a woman!—and now another woman tries to take him, and that woman a friend, to whom I have been kind; whom I have loved and fondled, and trusted as a sister; and who now, in return for it all, tries to do me the worst wrong one woman can do another. Petite, I shall never forgive you.'

"Miss Wilmot's words fell from her lips with a terrible distinctness and swiftness, and fell, too, like a thunderbolt upon Petite's brain. At first she did not understand them, but presently a gleam of intelligence dawned upon her, and she grew deadly white, and groped about, as though suddenly struck blind, for a chair. 'Laura,' she whispered, 'tell me.' But the words were unnecessary, for Laura had only paused for an instant to take breath. 'Tell you!' she repeated, excitedly. 'What more is there to tell? I tell you, Petite, that I love Hubert Airlie, and that he loves me, and will marry me. Once, long ago, he loved another woman; and he deserted me, and nearly broke my heart for her sake. But this shall not happen again. After these weary, patient years, do you think I could bear to be again disappointed? and this time when I have almost touched with my hand the happiness for which I have longed! Petite, you are a fool. You fancy, because you are young and beautiful, and charming—and because men look at you tenderly and admiringly, and perhaps say sweet things to you—that they love you. Petite, you are a fool,' she repeated, contemptuously; 'and I both dislike and despise you.'

"'I am not a fool,' Petite exclaimed, starting to her feet, her passion roused at last. 'It is you, Laura, who are blind and foolish; you who——' But the words were never said. Petite paused suddenly and abruptly, for into Miss Wilmot's face there had come an expression at once so despairing and so imploring, that the girl felt her heart fill with a great pity, and was silent. Across her own face, too, an expression passed in that moment which Laura at the time was too excited to notice. But afterwards she remembered it."

* *Petite's Romance.* By M. J. M.

INTERCEPTED LETTERS.

No. 1.

MISS ELLEN FERNLEAF TO MISS MINNIE DASHWOOD.

The Grange, Feb. 7th, 1870.

DARLING MINNIE,—What an age it is since I have heard anything of you! and I daresay you are thinking the same of me. I've got such lots of things to tell you; but I don't know where to begin. You know, of course, that papa got elected for the borough last autumn; and, consequently, his Parliamentary duties will compel him to be in London a great deal. Well, we are all actually going up to town for the season—think of that! Isn't it nice? I am to come out at a ball at the end of February. Fancy coming out in London! A year ago I never dreamed of such a thing. I am *so* glad papa got into Parliament. I don't think he half likes our all coming up to town, though; he grumbles dreadfully about the expense: but mamma says—and, of course, Laura and I say so too—he ought to have thought of all that before he got elected, and it's too late now to talk of expense. Besides, mamma says, it would never do for him not to have a house and establishment, so as to be able to entertain the ministers (not the clergymen, you know, but the government people) and the whips occasionally. I can't make out what the whips are; but I fancy from what Jack says (you 'll be so glad to see Jack again; he has grown *so* nice, and *so* good-looking, and *so* improved since he has been at Oxford—where he is reading very hard, he says—and he sings so nicely: he sings some very odd songs, though, occasionally; the other night he stopped short in the middle of a verse of a comic song, and coughed, and pretended he had forgotten the rest; but I am sure he hadn't, for I saw Captain Maynard pinch him and tread on his toes to make him stop) Jack says, that the whips are people who go about in royal livery, or diplomatic costume, or something, and are always driving about in hansoms from one club to another, and giving things to members to make them come and vote on the right side. I wonder what they will give papa? I tell you what, Minnie dear, they had much better give presents to us young ladies, and we would take care that papa voted just as they wanted.

I am not in the least *frightened*, Minnie, about coming out in London. You see, I have as good as come out already at the county and hunt balls; and at Lady Montague's ball I wore a *low dress*. Papa wouldn't let me for a long time; but mamma insisted that I should be dressed just the same as Laura, and I knew that if mamma had made up her mind about it, it was all right. Some how or other, I didn't quite like it at first. To tell you the truth, I felt rather *naked*, and thought everybody was looking at my back. And, oh Minnie! when I was waltzing with Captain Maynard, his long beard tickled my shoulders so, I didn't know what to do. Do the men's beards ever tickle yours?

Do you know what people are going to do about their hair this season? I hope I shan't have to get much; for it really comes very expensive if you get the best: and papa positively declares (indeed, dear, he used a very shocking word—shocking, that is, for him—I don't mind it so much from Jack; because he often uses it, and of course he doesn't mean it) that mamma must keep within the allowance he makes for us all, and he won't have any extra bills coming in at Christmas. It is so absurd of papa: how can one possibly tell how much one may want to spend? It is so ridiculous keeping us down to a certain sum. I wonder papa doesn't see that it is quite impossible.

Papa is going to the Speaker's dinner, and then to the Prime Minister's dinner, and then to the Lord Chancellor of the Exchequer's dinner. I suppose the members will do all their business there instead of in the House. Well, I think it is very sensible of them: only, if we go in the evening, I hope the gentlemen won't stay very long over their wine. Answer this by return of post, and I will promise to write to you again next week. Good bye, darling. Your fond NELLIE.

Advertisements.

THEATRE ROYAL, COVENT GARDEN.
Under the Sole Management of Mr. A. Harris.
THIS EVENING (Saturday), Feb. 12th, will be performed Offenbach's Operetta, LISCHEN and FRITZCHEN. Lischen, Miss Julia Mathews; Fritzchen, Mr. Wilford Morgan. After which, at a quarter to eight, the new and Grand Spectacular Pantomime, entitled THE YELLOW DWARF; or, Harlequin Cupid and the King of the Gold Mines. The scenery by Messrs. Hawes Craven, Julian Hicks, Dayes and Caney; also by Messrs. W. Telbin jun. Principal characters by Mesdames Julia Mathews, Nelly Power, Craven, Esta, Love, Mrs. A. Cook, and Misses Nelly and Maria Harris; Messrs. J. D. Stoyle, A. Cook, H. Payne, F. Payne, and W. H. Payne. Premiere danseuse, Mdlle. Blanche Ricois. The divertissement and dances arranged by M. Desplaces. Costumes designed by Matt Morgan. The music composed and selected by Mr. Betjemann. The Box-office is open from ten till five. The Pantomime commences at a quarter to eight, and terminates at eleven.

THEATRE ROYAL, DRURY LANE.
Sole Lessee and Manager, Mr. F. B. Chatterton.
Doors open at half-past six, commence at seven, and terminate at eleven.

BEAUTY AND THE BEAST.—Morning Performance THIS DAY (Saturday)—doors open at half-past one, commence at two—and every Wednesday and Saturday until Saturday, February 26, inclusive. Children and schools at reduced prices to the following parts of the theatre:—First circle, dress circle, and stalls. Box-office open from ten till five daily.
THEATRE ROYAL, DRURY LANE.

BEAUTY AND THE BEAST.—NOTICE.—Notwithstanding the great success of this Pantomime, the Public is respectfully informed that it CANNOT be PERFORMED after SATURDAY, Feb. 26, in consequence of arrangements having been made for an entire change of performances on Monday, Feb. 28. Therefore, to prevent disappointment, an early application for seats is earnestly requested. Box-office open from ten till five daily.
THEATRE ROYAL, DRURY LANE.

BEAUTY AND THE BEAST; or, Harlequin Old Mother Bunch. Written by E. L. Blanchard. The characteristic scenery by Mr. Wm. Beverley.—THIS EVENING, at 7.45.
THEATRE ROYAL, DRURY LANE.

BEAUTY AND THE BEAST.—Characters in the opening:—Misses Jessie Vokes, Victoria Vokes, Rosina Vokes, Kate Santley, Hudspeth, Hastings, and Harriet Coveney; Messrs. Fred Vokes, Brittain Wright, W. Fawdon Vokes, and F. Moreland.—THIS EVENING.
THEATRE ROYAL, DRURY LANE.

BEAUTY AND THE BEAST.—Clowns, H. Boleno and Little Rowella. Pantaloons, Paul Herring and J. Morris. Harlequins, S. Saville and W. Fawdon Vokes. Columbines, Misses Grosvenor and Jessie Vokes. Harlequina, Miss Rosina Vokes. Price's Christy's Minstrels. Peterson's Performing Dogs. Le Petit Ravy and his Performing Pony. The celebrated Manley Family. The smallest Brass Band in the World, by the Members of the Tyler Family.—THIS EVENING.
THEATRE ROYAL, DRURY LANE.

BEAUTY AND THE BEAST.—Fanciful Ballets, arranged by Mr. John Cormack. Characteristic music, selected by Mr. W. C. Levey. Produced under the direction of Mr. Edward Stirling.
THEATRE ROYAL, DRURY LANE.

THE MONKEYS.—The most intelligent in all the world, trained by Professor Cormack, B.M., T.R.D.L.—THIS EVENING.
THEATRE ROYAL, DRURY LANE.

WIMBLEDON CAMP.—The London Scottish, London Irish, Queen's Westminster, St. George's Rifles, Working Man's Corps, and Royal Artillery efficiently represented by the Drury-lane Juvenile Army of Volunteers, drilled by Brigadier-General Cormack, of the Retired List.—THIS EVENING.
THEATRE ROYAL, DRURY LANE.

THEATRE ROYAL, HAYMARKET.
Last night of NEW MEN AND OLD ACRES.—This evening at seven o'clock, HOW TO DIE FOR LOVE. To conclude with Planché's Fairy Extravaganza, THE FAIR ONE WITH THE GOLDEN LOCKS. King Lachrymoso, Mr. A. Wood; Grieful (the King's Minstrel), Miss Fanny Wright; Queen Lucidora (the Fair One with the Golden Locks), Miss Fanny Gwynne; with Miss Murray and Miss Francis. Box-office open daily from ten to five.

NEW MEN AND OLD ACRES.—Mr. Sothern's continued indisposition, and the great attraction of this Comedy, has enabled Mr. Buckstone to repeat the performance of "New Men and Old Acres" until Saturday, Feb. 12. Mr. Sothern will positively appear on Monday, the 14th.
HAYMARKET THEATRE.

THEATRE ROYAL, ADELPHI.
Sole Proprietor and Manager, Mr. Benjamin Webster.
Novelty and Attraction.—Great success of the new and original Adelphi Drama, by T. W. Robertson, author of "School," "Caste," &c., called "The Nightingale." Fourth week of a new and original Farce, by the late Robert Brough, called "Open to Conviction."—THIS EVENING, at seven, OPEN TO CONVICTION. Characters by Messrs. G. Belmore, C. H. Stephenson, J. D. Beveridge, C. J. Smith, Miss Lennox Grey, Mrs. Leigh Murray. After which, with new scenery by Hawes Craven and assistants, the new and original Adelphi Drama, in five acts, by T. W. Robertson, author of. "School," "Caste," "Society," &c., entitled THE NIGHTINGALE. Characters by Mr. Benjamin Webster, Messrs. Arthur Stirling, J. D. Beveridge, Miss Eliza Johnstone, Mrs. Alfred Mellon, Mrs. Caulfield, and Miss Furtado. To conclude with DOMESTIC ECONOMY. Box-office open from ten till five; no fees for booking.

THE NIGHTINGALE, the new and original Drama, by T. W. Robertson, Author of "Caste," "Society," "School," &c.—THIS EVENING.
ADELPHI THEATRE.

THE NIGHTINGALE.—Mr. Benjamin Webster, Mrs. Alfred Mellon, and Miss Furtado.—THIS EVENING.
ADELPHI THEATRE.

THE NIGHTINGALE, by T. W. Robertson.—New scenery, by Hawes Craven, &c.—ADELPHI THEATRE.

OPEN TO CONVICTION, a glorious new and original Farce, by the late Robert Brough.—EVERY EVENING.
ADELPHI THEATRE.

ROYALTY THEATRE.—Under the Management of Miss M. Oliver—her Farewell Season at this Theatre. 7.30, LOVE'S DOCTOR; 9.0, THE FLYING DUTCHMAN and RELY ON MY DISCRETION. Mr. Vernon.

LYCEUM THEATRE.—Under the Management of the Messrs. Mansell (elegantly redecorated by MacIntosh).
THIS EVENING, the performances will commence at seven, with an entirely new and original Comedy Drama, in two acts, entitled CORRUPT PRACTICES, by F. A. Marshall. Messrs. Coghlan, G. F Neville, G. Vincent, E. Selwyn, and F. Stainforth; Mesdames Louisa Thorne, S. Rignold, Graham, Wilson, and FitzInman. Scenery by Mr. W. Brew. Furniture by Lyons. After which, at 8.45, a three-act Opera Bouffe, in English, entitled CHILPERIC, by Hervé, in which the following powerful company will appear:—Messrs. M. Marius (from the Folies Dramatiques, Paris), G. Vincent, J. Odell, E. Lapierre, Farquharson, Coghlan, and M. Hervé; Mesdames Dolaro, FitzInman, Romanelli, Nellie Nesbitt, M. Dolby, S. Rignold, S. Lawson, L. Morgan, J. Lee, D'Etienne, B. Linden, L. Wilson, R. Egerton, Lily Bell, and Emily Muir. Band and chorus selected from the Opera Houses. Conductor, Mr. Frank Musgrave. Groupings and Ballet by Milano. Dresses by Mr. S. May and assistants. Scenery by Grieve and Son. Doors open at half-past six, commence at seven. Box-office open daily, under the direction of Mr. Nugent.

ROYAL PRINCESS'S THEATRE.
Lessee and Manager, Mr. Benjamin Webster.
Box-office open from ten till five.

FORMOSA.—PRINCESS'S THEATRE.—NEXT MONDAY, Feb. 14.—Miss Katharine Rodgers, Mrs. Billington, Miss Brennan, Mr. Rouse, Mr. Ashley, Mr. Rignold, Mr. Leeson, Mr. Phillips.—New scenery by Messrs. Lloyds and Hann.

ASTLEY'S.—E. T. SMITH'S Grand Pantomime, JACK AND THE BEAN-STALK. Artistes engaged: Miss Caroline Parkes, Miss Fosbroke, Miss Howard, Miss Wright, Miss Clair, Miss Seymour, Miss Nellie Ashton, Miss Minnie Foster, Miss Erskine, Madame Rowella. Principal danseuses, Mdlle. Manlie and Mdlle. Marian. Master Percy Roselle, Mr. Garnold, Mr. Coles, Mr. Dudley, Mr. Pritchard, Mr. St Albyn, Mr. Stonnette (the wonderful Clown); Pantaloon, Mr. Beckingham; Harlequin, Mr. Lary; Sprites, Brothers Furr. Also, the first time in England, the most wonderful performing Elephant in the world, with a Stud of Camels, Dromedaries, Zebras, Horses, Ponies, Dogs, Sheep, Cows, Pigs, and Monkeys, from the Cirque Napoleon, Paris. Morning performances, Wednesdays and Saturdays, at two o'clock. Gallery, 6d.; pit, 1s.; upper boxes, 1s. 6d.; boxes to wear bonnets, 2s.; dress boxes, 3s.; stalls, 5s. Children half price.

QUEEN'S.—Great and Legitimate Success of Tom Taylor's Historical Play, in Five Acts, 'TWIXT AXE AND CROWN; or, The Lady Elizabeth. With entirely new Scenery by Messrs. George Gorden and W. Phillips. Orchestra stalls, 7s.

QUEEN'S—'TWIXT AXE AND CROWN.—Mr. Rousby, Mr Ryder, Mr. H. Marston, Mr. W. Bedford, Mr. G. Rignold, Mr. A. Nelson, Miss Georgina Pauncefort, Miss M. Henderson, Mrs. H. Vandenhoff, and Mrs. Rousby. Balcony, 5s.

QUEEN'S.—'TWIXT AXE AND CROWN.—The Great Gallery at St. James's—The Tower Room in the Lieutenant's Lodgings—Great Hall of Hatfield House. Box stalls, 2s. 6d.; pit, 1s. 6d.; amphitheatre, 1s.; gallery, 6d.

QUEEN'S.—'TWIXT AXE AND CROWN; or, The Lady Elizabeth. Mr. and Mrs. Rousby every evening.

QUEEN'S.—'TWIXT AXE AND CROWN.—Places can be booked a fortnight in advance. Box-office open daily from ten till five.

PRINCE OF WALES'S ROYAL THEATRE.—Lessee and Manager, MISS MARIE WILTON.—THIS EVENING at eight o'clock, will be performed SCHOOL, written by T. W. Robertson, the author of "Society," "Ours," "Caste," and "Play." Messrs. Hare, H. J Montague, Addison, Glover, and Bancroft; Mrs. Buckingham White, Miss Carlotta Addison, and Miss Blanche Wilton. Act 1. Recreation. Act 2. Examination Act 3. Flirtation. Act 4. Realisation. The scenery has been repainted by Mr. Hawes Craven. At 7.30, DEAREST MAMMA. Messrs. Addison, Montgomery, Terriss. Mesdames B. White, Augusta and B. Wilton. Conclude with QUITE BY ACCIDENT. Messrs. Montague, Collette, and Miss Addison. Box-office hours eleven till five.

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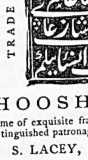
TRADE  MARK.
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